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the divine purposes of art. The majestic forms wrought by the chisel of Phidias—the creations of art which sprang from the hand of Parrhasius—the dreams of beauty revealed in the *Venus* of Apelles—shadow forth the grace with which Greek art had invested the fables of mythology. The sweet forms, yet brilliant with the hues given in the early dawn of Christian art by Fra Angelico, in the Medician city—the *Last Supper*, still beautiful in its crumbling wreck, by Leonardo de Vinci, at Milan—the *Assumption* of Titian—the *Madonna del Sisto* and the *Transfiguration*, by Raphael, the purest creations of beauty which art ever gave—the *Il Penseroso*, the *Day and Night*, and the *Last Judgment*, unrivalled in its majestic grandeur, yet overhung with the awful shadows of Fate—

“*Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus*”—

of Michael Angelo, in the beauty and power of execution, have shown the sublimest forms which the inspiration of art can create, the loftiest triumphs of human genius.

HINTS FOR HELP.

 N proportion to the encouragement actually given to American artists, the development of the art genius of the country has been rather extraordinary. With few rare exceptions,

every artist of note has won his place through privations and discouragements which would have driven him to despair, had not the singular enthusiasm, which is always a constituent of true genius, endowed him with the spirit of resistance in an unwonted degree. Our people prefer to pay five dollars for what is worth twenty, and thus obtain a “good bargain,” than to rest content with paying for a thing its exact worth. Hence an artist, without a name and fame to render the possession of his pictures a matter of *pride* to a large class of professed “patrons,” may beg for the poor pittance of five dollars for what has cost him a week of hard labor. When once his name and fame are won by some happy “hit,” or by the good *engineering* of some influential friend, the canvas is eagerly sought at his easel, and thereafter the poor painter, no longer poor, is “in clover.”

But artists are almost uniformly proud. If so hard pressed as to have no good

coat, nor any means to provide for the actual wants of the body, few persons know anything of it, and the subject of *real pity* escapes all help. If we were to tell some of the stories of artists which have come to our knowledge—of labor without reward, of suffering without relief, of mortification without mitigation—our readers would be startled; but the very mention of names, or of individual circumstances, would excite so much bad feeling as to render our visits to studios anything than pleasant. The whole body of artists would resent the insult offered to the profession in betraying the condition of any one of “the unfortunates.”

This fact, however, will do for consideration; and we offer the hint to all who have the means for gratifying their tastes, to say nothing of charity, but to seek, in the out-of-the-way ateliers of five-story houses, in the avenues and elsewhere, the artist whom they *know* paints a reputable picture—give him a good, liberal commission—talk *for* him in “good society,” so as to bring him to the notice of others able to buy his pictures;—doing which, the odor of a good deed will always cling to the memory, and more true charity will be bestowed than if thousands had been squandered upon shirts for the Sengambia, or tracts for the Tahitians.

SONNETS.

THE DECISION.

Go from me. Toward the future keep thy face,
Nor turn thee back once more to look on me,
A poor, wan, weary child of Poesy,
Who out of minstrel kingdom hath no place.
Rove on from flower to flower like honey-bee.
Ere long to thee may rise some other star,
Dazzling thy vision while 'tis seen afar—
Greatness of things, too near, we cannot see.
From the high temple where I sit and sing,
I'll watch thee dallying with each gilded toy,
As from her perch the bird surveys a boy
Sending his kite to heaven upon a string,
Or chasing bubbles but to see them burst,
And turn to air, of which they were at first.

THE AFTER-THOUGHT.

Continue along the placid lowland ways;
By song I could not lift thee up to me,
And from this height cannot descend to thee,
Without the risk of laying down my bays.
My path lies up the stormy steep of Fame,
From which my harp-tones oft shall reach thy ears,
And stir the sluggish fountain of thy tears,
As distant music oft awakes some flame
Long slumbering in the ashes of the heart;
Then, looking up, thou'lt say: “*O height sublime!*
I might have been *there*, but I would not climb!
When erst, with that pale bard about to start,
My fellows plucked my sleeve, and called me mule,
And so I stayed down *here*, and played the fool!”

ESTELLE A. LEWIS.

MASTERS OF ART AND LITERATURE.

Sixteenth Article.

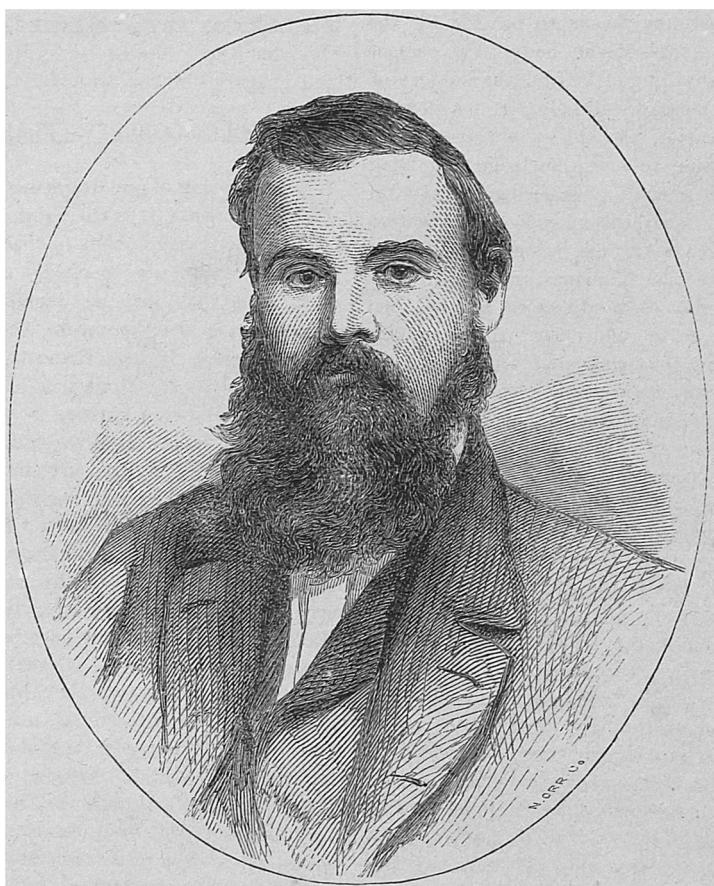
CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

 N writing of our literature and its exponents, it is the habit of newspaper paragraphists to characterize it as already markedly *national*, and they cite, as representative men in that literature, the names of Washington Irving, Prescott, Carey, Bancroft, Cooper, Jonathan Edwards, Audubon, Maury, Agassiz, Schoolcraft, Silliman, Ticknor, Motley, Story, Emerson, &c. &c. We hazard nothing in urging that, aside from Irving and Cooper, these writers are American only from the circumstance of their residence having been cast on this side of the Atlantic—not from any characteristics of their works: their books might have been produced in England, with all their excellences and defects, had they been born and bred loyal subjects of the British crown. But this cannot be said of Irving and Cooper, nor of Simms, Halleck, Paulding, Lowell, Hawthorne, Kennedy: they never could have produced their books, deprived of their American birth, education, and experiences.

It is true their works are in the category of pleasant, rather than in that of great, productions; but they are so thoroughly impregnated with the genius of our peculiar circumstances and character, as to identify them *American*, and make them the nucleus of a “national literature.”

Among those writers of the younger generation, who are fast taking prominent positions in our “world of letters,” must be named the subject of this notice. Unquestionably one of the most thoroughly cultivated scholars and polished men of society among his *confreres* of the “sanctum,” Mr. Leland gives fair promise of adding materially to the stores of our distinctive American literature; while, as an art-critic and writer on *aesthetics*, he must be regarded as among the *very few WELL-QUALIFIED* persons who essay these departments, in this country. We therefore cheerfully give place to this sketch, particularly as we are in possession, through the kind offices of a friend, of personal data of a very interesting nature.

Charles Godfrey Leland was born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 15, 1824—of



Charles G. Leland.

which city his father was a leading business man. He grew up to young manhood surrounded by those associations best calculated to foster a taste for books and intelligent discourse; and, ere he was aware, his mind had entered upon that field of study and speculation which determined the pursuits of his later life. During his boyhood, he had for instructors the late S. C. Walker, Rev. Mr. Hurlbut, and E. C. Wines, Esq. These gentlemen all took great interest in the boy, and urged him rapidly forward in his studies. At the same time he frequented, with singular zeal, the "Philadelphia Library," and there found everything to satisfy his craving for light upon history, philosophy, science, and men. At fifteen, he was an enthusiast in mediæval literature, and knew every volume of "quaint and curious and long-forgotten lore;" at sixteen, he began to chase down the philosophers —Kant, Fiechte, Schelling, Spinoza, Des Cartes, Bacon, Locke, Paley, Hartley, Brown, Dugald Stewart, Coleridge, and Hamilton, all passing under his eager

scrutiny until all systems were open to his choice. The *a priori* school held his sympathies. This course accomplished, he passed to poetry and general literature, particularly of the earlier eras in English history. A black-letter Chaucer was twice carefully perused from end to end—so of Gower, Spencer, More, and the worthies of "Boar's Head tavern," whose intellectual faces are so exquisitely reproduced in the "Cosmopolitan" engraving, "Shakspeare and his Friends." It was an easy and natural transition to "Rabelais," and the kindred spirits of humor and satire, with whom Charles G. soon found himself in such earnest love as to commit pages of their ludicrous lucubrations to memory. That love betrayed the presence of the talent which, in later years, impelled the possessor to indite "Mace Sloper's Observations," and to assume editorial charge of our American *Punch*, *viz.*: *Vanity Fair*.

Carlyle, and the Boston Transcendentalists, next absorbed the mind of the youth. It is said that, before his eighteenth year,

Charles G. had read and reread the "Sartor Resartus" of the Scotch metaphysical knight-errant at least twenty-five times, and his miscellaneous writings at least a dozen times. The writings of Emerson, and of the liberal Unitarians of our "Modern Athens," were all eagerly sought out and read; as also were all translations from German philosophers of the liberal school. As a consequence he became a good convert to—what? If any person can tell us what Emerson's philosophy *is*, we shall be able to define the intellectual faith of the young enthusiast,* at that period of his student-life.

This was the young man's preparation for the collegiate course to follow! We doubt much if Princeton's time-honored halls ever echoed to the footsteps of a freshman of more omnivorous tastes and mental accomplishments. He entered for the session of 1840-41, and graduated in 1846—having pursued a very thorough and unusually extended course. Professor Albert Dod took great interest in the student's progress, and inducted him by his lectures to a knowledge of architecture and æsthetics, which measurably increased the pupil's zeal in the study of the *ideas* of art. During the entire time of the college course, the library was in requisition to answer the insatiable demand for more light on metaphysics, history, and belles-lettres generally. The lectures of Prof. James Henry were a source of much profit. Mr. Leland refers to Professor Henry, with loving consideration, for the interest the teacher took in his pupil. The late Dr. Alexander, one of America's most gifted men, also became much attached to Charles, and proved to him a most valued friend and monitor. It is not strange, that, under such guidance, the mind of the student should have expanded in the right direction.

To perfect himself in modern languages, and literature, as well as in the study of art, Charles G. went abroad immediately after his graduation. Passing from Gibraltar to Marseilles, he there

* Emerson's *philosophy* is truly a pretence. It seems to be, first, a profound egotism; second, pantheism; third, a worship of the census. See his last book, "Conduct of Life," article *Worship*. If it embodies all the author's ideas on Faith and Belief, his philosophy is truly in a transition state. It reads so much like Walt Whitman's "poems" on the conduct of life, as to offer a solution of the mystery of Mr. Emerson's characterizing Mr. Whitman one of the poets of all time—a new-born star.

tarried for some time making architecture and the Provençal literature chief objects of his study. After exhausting Marseilles, he visited Montpellier, where he met René Taillandier, a most accomplished scholar, "the man in all France best acquainted with German literature"—the genial critic of Henrich Heine. Nismes, with its superb relics of Gothic art, was next visited. Also Arles, whence he embarked for Italy.

Referring to this period of his life, Mr. Leland has said: "The Gothic was my *spécialité*, and every proverb of the olden time, every song, every strain of music, every picture, every black-letter sheet and missal, every coin, every Madonna, every spire and arch, awoke in me a strange feeling of tenderest interest and enthusiasm."

Landing at Naples, the journey to Venice was accomplished by short excursions, in order to see and study all things by the way. Every possible thing which Naples, and Rome, and Venice, offered, in the way of rare books, pictures, cathedrals, operas, ballets, ruins, lazzaroni, gondolas, ball-rooms, and carnival, was enjoyed in the fullest sense. No student ever was more industrious—no pleasure-seeker ever more assiduous. The result was the accumulation of a vast store of material for future thought and remark.

In the spring of 1847, Mr. Leland went to Heidelberg, where he tarried some months in attendance upon the lectures of the noted professors of its renowned university, among others, those of Schlosser on history; and Gruzelier on chemistry, with laboratory service. The last six months of 1847 were spent in Munich, where he attended specially to aesthetics, under the eminent Thiersch, studying also daily in the great collections of the Glyptothek and Pinacothek. He then attended the lectures of Neumann, on oriental history and literature, and made much progress.

Travelling through Germany, Belgium, and Holland, studying art with the minutest care, Mr. Leland passed on to Paris—arriving there at the moment when the throes of Revolution were toppling the throne of the Bourbons into ruin. With the zeal of an ardent republican, he threw himself into the contest between the people and throne; and while he pursued his course of study by attendance upon lectures and by patient research, he did not fail to mix in with the crowd,

and to gain their confidence so far as to become a leader at the barricades, when the momentous crisis of February came. His enthusiasm was quite equal to that of his French friends, and when the cry was raised, "To the Tuilleries!" he was among the first to enter its doors. To stay the sacrilegious hands of the mob, he helped to write the placards—"Respect property"—"Liberty for Poland and Hungary"—"No injury to the nation's treasures"—which protected the palace from being sacked. He was chosen as one of the deputation of the people to congratulate the Provisional Government on its assumption of authority.

Mr. Leland quitted Paris for England, in June, 1848, where he remained several months, making the acquaintance of many eminent men of science and letters. Thence he returned home—having been absent three years.

He then entered the law office of John Cadwallader, Esq., of Philadelphia, with whom he studied, and was admitted to the practice of the law in due time. But literature was his never-ending companion—the theme of his converse and his thoughts so entirely as to impel him to give up the law after a brief practice, to assume the pen editorial and aorial. Having made the acquaintance of the late Dr. Griswold, he became co-editor of the *International Magazine*, assuming its foreign department, and noticing foreign books. He was also editorially employed on *Sartain's Magazine*, writing many choice articles for the body of that really model monthly. When Barnum and Beach started their great enterprise of publishing an illustrated paper, he was called to its management, in company with Dr. Griswold. The Doctor soon retired, and Mr. Leland continued sole editor for two years.

The aorial career of Mr. L. really commenced in 1845—when he wrote for the *Knickerbocker Monthly*, his inimitable "Meister Karl's Sketch Book," and since which time he has been an almost constant contributor to our best current publications. *Graham's Magazine* was under his editorial charge during the years 1857 and 1858. The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, he conducted for four years, 1856 to 1860. During this period he translated and published Heine's "Pictures of Travel"—a work which was extensively and favorably reviewed in England and Germany. "The Poetry and Mystery of

Dreams," was given publicity in 1856. "Meister Karl's Sketch Book" (the collected papers from the *Knickerbocker Monthly*) was reproduced in book form, in 1857. This work was republished in England, and won very favorable comment from the English critics. At home it served to establish the author's reputation as a keen analyst and exquisite humorist. Washington Irving was enthusiastic in his commendation of its matter and spirit, declaring, in a letter to a friend, that "it had all the relish of the older humorists," and that "he kept it by him as a Stilton cheese, to dip into frequently." This is high evidence of merit, for Irving was very chary of his compliments to books and men.

In the fall of 1859, Mr. Leland removed to New-York city, where he has since resided, engaged in various editorial services, and contributing largely to the periodical press. His "Mace Sloper's Observations," in *Knickerbocker*, have greatly served to carry that favorite old monthly safely through perilous times in its financial history. The papers are still being contributed monthly: to say that they are inimitably wise, pungent, and smile-provoking, is to repeat what is now a trite compliment. The series is, beyond question, one of the most popular ever contributed to any magazine in this country.

At this present time, Mr. Leland is editor of *Vanity Fair*—a weekly which bids fair, under his sagacious management, to rival *Punch* and *Charivari*, in reputation and potency.

LOUISA LANDER

 HIS young lady is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and descended from one of the oldest and most respected families of that good old city. She is a daughter of Edward Lander and Eliza West, whose father was a relative of Sir Benjamin West.

It can hardly be said when her artist-life commenced. Her pleasures were unlike those of most children. Her greatest enjoyment and happiness consisted in the cutting of horses and figures from odd bits of wood, carving heads in alabaster, or in modelling them in sealing-wax, which she softened by the aid of a light, and worked with a penknife heated to the temperature desired. A workshop,